The Bloomfield Record.

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1875.

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WHEN ELIHU CAME HOME.

All her life long Sara Holmes had had a romance. It began and ended with these words: "When Elihu comes home." And though she was but nineteen years old at the time of which I write, it seemed to her on the evening of that burning July day, as she sat in her bedroom and looked out upon the moonlit fields, that she had been living one or two centuries in this world, at the very least, and all the time dreaming golden dreams of Elihu, only to find them shiver into atoms at the last.

For Elihu had come. And the time and the manner of his coming were so unlooked for and so unexpected to her, as well as to everyone else that it was no wonder that the girl sat there in the moonlight, saying to herself, "He is here. I need never watch or wait for him again. In the next chamber he is sleeping—that is, if he can sleep. Poor Elihu!"

The earliest stories she could remember had been told to her, by her mother, about "Cousin Elihu" and the enormous fortune he had made "down South," at a time when fortunes could yet be made in that unhappy land. She had heard fabulous tales of the palace in which he lived, of the negro slaves who flew to do his bidding, of the beautiful carriages and horses that bore him from place to place, and of the jewels, the silks, satins and velvets that fortunate woman would possess who would one day become Elihu's bride.

Tea was over—the milk was trained—and they were all sitting on the front piazza, under the shade of the maples and locusts, while her father read bits from the weekly village paper aloud. Her step-mother was knitting; her sister Grace was lining a hat, and her brother Ben was whittling out a toy boat from a bit of wood, while she, Sara, sat beside him and held his tools as he needed them, and lost herself in a reverie about her hero in the South.

A carriage drove up the village road and halted at their gate. The driver descended from his seat, beckoned to her father, who hurried down to the gate to meet him. After talking for some time together, a small trunk was lifted down and left beside the gate. Then the carriage door was opened, and a tall figure descended, and directly after, Ben, who had followed his father, in a fit of boyish curiosity, galloped back with distended eyes, whispering loudly:

"Mother girls! Cousin Elihu has come! And he has lost every cent of his property down South! I heard the driver tell father so! And they've sent him up here alone, because they thought he was going to be sick; and there he is, you see, leaning on father and the driver, and he can't but just walk. Isn't it a blamed shame of those Southerners?"

"Mercy," exclaimed Ben's step-mother, rising, as they rose, when a tall, slender figure approached.

Sara looked up with her heart in her eyes, to greet her hero—no less a hero to her for the pitiful history of loss and ruin that she had just heard.

She saw a tall, upright, elegant-looking man, with a fair complexion, large, melancholy blue eyes, a long, straight nose, drooping eyebrows, eyelids, and lips, and a firmly rounded chin that somewhat counteracted and contradicted the listless sadness of the rest of the face. His hair was turning gray, and the heavy golden-brown moustache had one or two threads of silver, but with that exception he wore no look of age.

Elihu was plainly dressed in a traveling suit of gray. He removed his hat as he drew near the ladies, with a courteous grace; but he looked in vain for the warm welcome from the second Mrs. Holmes and her daughter Grace that he would have received from his own cousin had she been alive.

Mr. Holmes bowed to him coldly, though civilly; and Grace, angry with him and with herself for the sudden collapsing of sundry ambition hopes which she had never confided to any one except her mother, swept him her latest dancing-school courtesy, and affected not to see the hand that he held out.

Elihu colored slightly, and turned to Sara, whose large dark eyes were fixed, with a gaze of tender pity, upon his refined and melancholy face.

"You have a face that I ought to know," he said to her, gently. "You are your mother's child, dear Sara! I hoped she would be here to meet me when I came home at last."

Sara's heart was already full, and this reference to her dead mother caused her tears to overflow.

"Dear Cousin Elihu, said she, taking his hand in both hers, my mother remembered and loved you to the last day of her life. She would have been glad indeed to see you here once more. I am glad, too. All my life long I have looked forward to your coming."

"But you did not expect to see me return so poor," said Elihu, sighing.

"Poor or rich, it matters little," replied Sara, fervently. "You are here, at home once more, and that is enough to make us all rejoice."

"Aye," said Elihu, looking from her beaming countenance to the cold faces of the rest, "I should have been glad to bring gold enough to make me welcome. But what has happened has happened, and I do not wish to complain. Cousin Joshua, for my cousin's sake, and for the sake of the old times when you and I were boys together, I suppose you will let me stay at the old homestead for a few days?"

"Eh? O! To be sure! Stay and welcome, Cousin Elihu," stammered the farmer, who feeling the eyes of his wife and his daughter Sara fixed upon him, was [illegible] between two fires.

So it was settled, and Sara flew about like a good fairy, to prepare supper for the wanderer, and afterward to set in order his room and bed. At nine o'clock he retired, and then the storm burst forth.

The second Mrs. Holmes inquired, shrilly, if the ir house was to be turned into a "poor farm," and made the abiding place of every shiftless creature who had wasted his substance in riotous living among "those negroes"—only to come at the last, without a penny in his pocket, to be supported by those who had the misfortune to be related to him in a very distant way.

Mr. Holmes said meekly "That it wasn't likely Elihu would want to stay long, and that he had once redeemed the farm, which was heavily mortgaged, with his own money, and given a deed of the place to his first wife, he didn't very well see how he could refuse him shelter there if he claimed it. For a time at least," he added, nervously, seeing his second wife's black eyebrows knitting themselves together in a way that he had learned to dread.

Grace upheld her mother in all her denunciations; though Sara thought, privately, that it would have been more delicate had she kept silence, since, as the daughter of Mrs. Holmes by a former marriage, she could not be supposed to have any great interest, pecuniary or otherwise, in the disposition of the homestead farm.

As for Ben, like most of the boys of thirteen, he was on the side of the right against might, and he did not scruple to say that for his part, he hoped Cousin Elihu would stay there forever, and that he was sure, if he had redeemed the farm that he had a perfect right to do so. His sister Sara could have kissed him for the answer, but she kept silence.

The days went on. By every art that a mean and paltry spirit could invent, Mrs. Holmes the second showed plainly to Elihu how unwelcome he was beneath her roof-tree. As for Grace, she simply ignored him. And Mr. Holmes, though he would gladly have been both grateful and kind, was so tamed by nightly curtain lectures that he dared not show the ruined man any attention, and only looked at him now and then, as if wondering when he would be gone.

Elihu's plate, knife and fork were placed upon the table at every meal, it is true. He fared as the rest fared, and his room and bed where the best in the house.

But this was Sara's doing. To her, and to Ben, he owed each moment of happiness which he enjoyed in the old house. The sister and the young brother were always glad to be with him, but the other inmates of the house looked over and around him, and even when he ate of their bread and drank of their cup seemed as if they knew him not.

Sara's proud spirit blazed up for his sake at a thousand petty insults and affronts each day. She wondered privately to herself, and aloud to Ben, how Cousin Elihu, with the memory of his past wealth and grandeur fresh in his mind could endure it! Nor was she surprised when, one pleasant evening just four weeks after his arrival, Elihu told her that he must go.

"I cannot blame you. They have treated you so shamefully," she said while her heart sank down, down in her breast, like a stone sinking down into the depths of the tiny lake on whose banks they sat. "But where will you go, Cousin Elihu? What will you do? You were ill when you came here, and, thanks to their unkindness, you are not yet well and strong enough to care for yourself. O, it is a shame—a shame!" she broke out again. "And if you had come rich, as they expected, every one of them would have been at your feet!"

Cousin Elihu smiled the smile that always brightened his melancholy face, till, in her eyes, it was the noblest, handsomest face on earth.

"Never mind them, Sara," said he; "you and Ben have been so good to me that I have scarcely noticed the rest. So good that—"

He paused and looked at her.

"Sara, when I am gone shall you miss me?"

The tears rose to her eyes.

"O, how can you ask? You know, Elihu, that when you go, I shall think of you among strangers, poor, perhaps ill, perhaps dying."

She hid her face in her hands and sobbed aloud.

Elihu waited till her grief had exhausted itself, and then took her hand.

"What you say is all very true, Sara. I am not fit to go out into the world alone. Will you come with me? You have a good home here. I know, but if I have you to work for, I will soon give you a better one. And by-and-by Ben can come to us, and we will make a man of him. Will you be my wife, Sara?"

She looked at him with all the solemn fervor of a woman's love and devotion shining in her eyes.

"If you will take me, Elihu, and let me care for you, I shall be the happiest creature on earth. From the moment when I saw you come in at the farm-gate, from the moment when I knew that your fortune was gone, and that you were ill and alone in the world, I have prayed that you might love me. I don't care where our home is or what it is, so that we share it together. I can be happier with you in a log hut than I could be with any one else in a palace; for you need me, Elihu, and I—I have thought and dreamed of you, and, I really believe, loved you from the day when my mother first told me about you, when I was sitting at her knee."

So they were betrothed, and, after a storm at the farm house when her decision was first made known, Sara fell owed the fortunes of her lover to a distant city, where they were married.

Ben went with her as her protector and "Best man." Her father kissed her, and cried over her, as he bade her farewell, put a pocket-book containing five hundred dollars into her hands for a wedding portion.

"I can't go with you to give you away, my dear, and I can't let you be married here," said the poor man, "for I shall never hear the last of it if I do; and I'm getting old now, and I want peace and quiet in my own home. But God bless you, Sara, and your husband."

So, strengthened by her father's approval and blessing, Sara approached the altar to consecrate her life to the hero of her dreams.

The ceremony over, they drove to a first-class hotel, and breakfasted in a style that made Sara tremble for the future. And after breakfast Elihu laid a package before her, and a casket by the side of her plate.

"My first present to my wife," said he "As for you, Ben—"

A cry of delight from Ben made her start to turn round to look at him. The boy was gloriously in a gold hunting-case watch and chain.

"Open your casket, love," said her husband smiling.

She obeyed, and a river of light seemed suddenly to flash upon her from the diamonds within. At the same moment her husband broke the seal of the package, showed her a bank book inscribed with her name.

"Ten thousand dollars are deposited there, subject to your order," said Elihu, carelessly.

"Ten thousand dollars! and the watch! and the diamonds!" gasped Sara, turning pale. "What can it all mean?"

"I know," broke in Ben, with a joyous laugh. "Cousin Elihu has only been pretending to be poor, all this time. Nicely sold all those people on the farm will be!"

And all the romance of her life began instead of ending (as she for a time supposed) "when Elihu came home."

Gems.

Fame is the perfume of heroic deeds.

Happiness is like the statue of Isis, whose veil no mortal ever raised.

A man cannot leave a better legacy to the world than a well-educated family.

Rich or poor live in like abundance—the former in wealth, and the latter in hope.

Go down the ladder when thou marriest a wife; go up when thou choosest a friend.

A sound head, an honest heart, and an humble spirit, are the three best guides, through time, and to eternity.

When the great man is laid in his grave, lies of malice are apt to give way to lies of adulation. Men feel his genius more, and his faults less.

"I forget a great many things which happened last year," said a little girl, the tears running down her cheeks; "but I can't forget the angry words I spoke to my dear mother, who is now dead."

A Mathematical Puzzle.

The following is decidedly the neatest little mathematical puzzle that has come to our notice. It occupied the attention of one of the clubs, the other evening, until a late hour, and some of the members are said to be puzzled over it yet:

"A man has 60 apples; he sells 30 for 15 cents, which is half-cent apiece, or two apples for one cent. He sells the remaining 30 for 10 cents, which is a third of a cent apiece, or 3 apples for 1 cent. Thus we see that for 5 apples he gets 2 cents; now, how many cents does he get for 60 apples. The problem seems plain enough, and the rule of three gives the immediate result of 24. But, on the other hand, if he gets 15 cents for 30 of his apples, and 10 cents for the remaining 30, it seems pretty evident he gets 25 for sixty."

It is said to be a poor rule that won't work both ways, but this one seems utterly to refuse to. Nevertheless the solution of the problem is easy; who will reconcile both its seemingly conflicting ends?

Skating in Paris.

Speaking of the skating club in Paris a correspondent says: "French ideas of propriety not allowing unmarried ladies to show off their skating skill in public, and the married French ladies being rarely skaters, the ranks of French proficients in the art of shooting over the ice, cutting figures of eight, and other complicated patterns thereon, are mainly composed of peregrinos of the inferior sex. Among these, the Count de Paris and Prince de Sagan are two of the most skilful, though neither of them equal the ease and surefootedness of the late Emperor, whose accomplishments as a skater acquired in boyhood during his many days at the Chateau of Arenenberg from his mother, Queen Hortense, were very remarkable, and under whose auspices the skating club, hitherto unlucky, came into existence. That club composed of the most aristocratic elements, native and foreign, possesses the exclusive enjoyment of three large lakes of the Bois de Boulogne when these are frozen; the one called the Lake of Madrid is theirs all the year round, and it is there that they have constructed, at considerable cost, the pretty little kiosks and other loitering-places, where refreshments can be had by the members, including cups of hot spiced wine, not to be despised with a temperature many degrees below freezing point, and where those who have grown tired of skating, or who only belong to the Club for the name of the thing, can lounge and chat in well-warmed and well lighted saloons. The club piques itself on being extremely exclusive. All candidates for admission must be presented by a member who is one of the original founders. Six votes are required to make an election valid, and a single black ball is fatal to an election. One of the ponds is called 'The School,' being reserved for beginners, and as balls are frequently occurring there upon the banks are always crowded with lookers-on who enjoy the spectacle often afforded much more than do the actors themselves."

Romance in the Penitentiary.

A case of true love has come to light in the Ohio State Penitentiary that has a romantic twinge in it. In May, 1873, Thomas Miles and Annie McFarland were sent to the prison, from Licking County, for burglary, under the same sentence. Not long since the woman asked a guard about Thomas, wanting to know how soon he would get out. On inquiry of her it was learned that they were engaged to be married before coming to prison, and that she was not really guilty of burglary, but pleaded guilty that she might be allowed to suffer with her lover. She told the guard that if Thomas was still true she would marry him when they got out. Thomas was interviewed, and he was still true to his Annie. The prison authorities were moved at the situation, and allowed them an interview, which is said to have been quite an affecting scene. Their terms expired on the same day—Saturday, Jan. 30, 1875. It has been arranged, at their request, to hold the ceremony in the prison chapel on the day of their discharge, the chaplain officiating. The twain will start out with freedom again after two years confinement within the same walls, with but one interval in that time. It may be added that both have been exemplary prisoners.

The American Newspaper Advertising Agency of Geo. P. Rowell & Co., New York, is the only establishment of the kind in the United States which keeps itself persistently before the people by advertising in the newspapers. They evidently receive their reward, for we have it from a reliable source, that advertising orders issued by them for their customers have exceeded three thousand dollars a day since the commencement of the year, and this is not a very good year for advertising either.

Tea-Table Gossip.

A Baltimore girl, worth $45,000 wants to marry some young man who has learned a trade.

St. Louis has a magazine all the work of which, editorial and mechanical, is done by women.

Miss Jennie Britton of Lewisburg, Pa., has won great glory by skating 32 miles in 3 hours and 35 minutes.

A Rochester flirt had an offer of marriage the other evening, and rushing to the hall she called upstairs: "Mother! am I engaged to anybody now?"

No lady should wear more than seven distinct colors in her dress at the same time, that being enough to form a rainbow.

The man who is kind and polite to his mother-in-law has reached Vicksburg, and is an object of general curiosity to the people there.

A Paris newspaper contains this announcement: "An orphan, aged nineteen, possessing fourteen millions, wishes to marry a French prince."

A school mistress in Frisco by the dexterous manipulations of a friend in "Consolidated Virginia," has realized $300,000 from $500. That ought to alter her condition in life.

In Liverpool, England, recently a woman sued a man she had never seen for breach of promise of marriage. The parties had corresponded and had exchanged photographs but never met.

A Lost Child.

A ball was recently given at Camptonville, Yuba County, Cal., which was attended by a certain lady who lives some distance from that place. She had a baby that could not be left at home. Arriving at Camptonville early in the evening with her baby, she put up at the Globe Hotel, kept by one Jones. She told Jones she who desirous of attending the ball if she could find some one who would take care of her baby. Jones, being an accommodating fellow, proposed that he would "father" the "young un" *ad interim*. The lady accepted the offer with joy, and, putting the babe to sleep, laid it down gently on Jones's bed, and then went to the ball. Up to midnight Jones made frequent visits to the room to attend to the wants of his precious charge. From that hour the babe, so far as Jones or its mother was concerned, was left alone, for Jones fell a victim to sleep. It happened, however, that a stage driver was asleep in a room nearly opposite to the one occupied by the babe. About one o'clock A.M., says the North San Juan *Times*, the babe began to cry fearfully, and to appease it the stage-driver took it to his own bed, and kept it quiet the remainder of the night. He was up an hour by daybreak, before the mother had returned from the ball, and before any one was stirring in the house, leaving the babe fast asleep in his own bed. An hour later the ball broke up, and the mother returned to find not! She went straight to Jones's room to see her babe. Lo and behold! it wasn't there—neither was Jones. Soon the whole house was in an uproar, and a search was made for the missing babe, but all in vain. In the meantime the whole town was startled by the information that a child had been stolen and carried away. Finally it was remembered that the stage-driver had slept in the house that night and that possibly he might know something about the missing child. He was telegraphed to on the subject at Downieville, and in the course of a few minutes a reply was received from him, which read as follows: "Frank Ramppin—You will find the child in my bed at the hotel." On the reception of the telegram the mother rushed frantically to the stage-driver's room, and found her precious babe lying in his bed fast asleep. Nearly everybody in Camptonville got drunk that day rejoicing over the event.

Paragraphics.

An artist's work is cased-ly done.

A rare flower—the pink of politeness.

Collectors know when their work is fin.

Never joke with a setting hen. She is not in her nest, and has no time for foolishness.

Writing a sketch of his life, an Irishman says that he early ran away from his father because he discovered that he was only his uncle.

The weather is rough on the night policeman. His ears nearly freeze while he waits for the sergeant to get out of sight, before he can dodge into the nearest grocery.

An advertisement for a dry good clerk reads: "Wanted, a young man to be partly out-door and partly behind the counter." It doesn't specify what part of the young man is to be out-door.

A certain young man from this vicinity serenaded his lady love a few evening since. He sang, "'Tis but a Little Faded Flower." Her father raised the window, and told him to leave it on the door-step, and she would get it in the morning.

A colored preacher remarked: "When God made de first man He set him up again de fence to dry." "Who made de fence?" interrupted an eager listener. "Put dat man out!" exclaimed the colored preacher; "such questions as dat 'll destroy all de theology in de world.

A man who was apparently more of a wit than a madman, but who, notwithstanding, was confined in a mad house, being asked how he came there, answered, "Merely a difference of opinion. I said that all men were mad, and all men said that I was mad, and the *majority carried the point.*"

A little five-year-old boy in Indiana said to a Judge who had called at his father's:

"Are you going to your store?"

"I haven't got any store."

"Are you going to your mill?"

"I haven't got any mill."

"Are you going to your shop?"

"I haven't got any shop."

"Well then, how do you make money?"

"I make it by my brains."

"Well, my papa makes money and he hasn't got any brains."

A Detroit woman called at one of the book stores the other day, and said she would like to take a look at some "chromos," as she wanted to find something to please Harvey, who had worked on a farm all summer, and should be rewarded. "Anything religious?" asked the clerk, as he ran over a lot of such chromos and engravings. "Well, no, not exactly religious," she answered, "Some of it may be solemn like, but down in the corner there ought to be a dog fight, or a man falling off a barn, or something, to kinder interest the young man!"

He Staid Ten Years.

Going over the Lowell Railroad the other day was a fussy little man who was in evident doubt as to which of two New Hampshire cities it would be advisable for him to stop at over night. He questioned the conductor as long as that worthy would stop to listen, and then turned to the other occupant of the seat, a thick necked, short-haired party, and quized.

"Is C—— a good place to stop at?"

"Fus rate," growled his companion.

"Did you ever stop there?" asked the anxious traveller.

"Yes, went up there to stay for one night, and stopped for ten years."

"You don't say," said the delighted interrogator. "What'd you do'n where'd you stay?"

"Opened a store, and stayed in the State Prison," responded the gruff one, and the little gentleman changed seats and cars at the next station.